

Moonshtine.

BY THE LUNARIAN SOCIETY.

No. 5.

Thursday, July 23d, 1807.

TO THE MAN IN THE MOON.

SIR, *The Literary Wife*

Presuming upon that goodness which has induced you to offer your council to all who, like myself, are in distress, I venture to lay my case before you. I am the miserable husband of a woman whose ardent feelings and vivacity of conversation some twenty years ago, seduced me into a Gordian tye from which I fear nothing but the hand of death can extricate me.

In her youth, Miss Deborah Froward was early distinguished by the admiration of our sex, and consequently, by the envy of her own. Flattered by the conspicuous station which she had obtained, she soon lost sight of those little decencies which peculiarly adorn the female character and give a new polish to the chain which binds society together. Modesty, which blooms like the blushing rose in a retired spot, and charity, which shelters the weary like the spreading palm, were unknown to her.... She encouraged the diffidence of young men by familiar levity, and instead of concealing or palliating the petty faults of her female friends, she delighted to blazon them forth to the amusement of the half-witted fops who crowded her morning levee. And yet, strange as it may seem, this woman had the address to make me believe that I loved. You may suppose that I had not much difficulty in pressing my suit. The fair damsel was rapidly approaching that critical period in the life of woman, when they obtain an appellation not very grateful to their vanity and their love of matrimony. The delicate rose had

fled from her cheeks, but art who so frequently acts the place of deputy to dame Nature, at the toilet, had bur-nished them with a deep carnation, and time had made such ravages on her mouth, that there remained but a few teeth which could be seen, like the scattered flint stones, on the side of a red hill. And yet this woman did I marry! Oh, cruel Hymen, most faithfully didst thou execute the wrath of the mother of Cupid, upon one who for five and thirty years had railed at her dominion and chaunted the comforts of single blessedness.

My wife, ~~Sir~~, had taken it into her head that she was a diamond of the first water: and I suppose such a pearl never would have fallen to my lot, had she not found that a certain swinish multitude denominated duns, were tired of the very civil invitation to call again, which they so constantly received. She too was willing to shake off ^{some} her old friends, and their places were quickly supplied by every hungry retainer whom poverty or persecution ~~had~~ ^{could} driven to our asylum. Being a great patroness of the arts and sciences, my house became crowded with unfortunate sons of genius who had seen better days. In one room ^{French} an ~~eminent~~ dancing master was capering monkey tricks, and in another, a Dutch Baron was playing sonatas. At first, I placed all this to the score of charity, and my heart overflowed with affectionate sympathy, while my purse dwindled with benevolence. As to my lady herself, her companions were the muses. Did I solicit her to go to the theatre, she preferred a ramble on mount Parnassus: if to a dance, she had been mingling with the graces. She never would go to Ballstown, because the springs did not bubble Castalian drops, nor ^{Jersey} would eat honey because it was not made on Hybla.

My country seat underwent such transformations that the honest zeal of my old steward preferred a voluntary

banishment to the contemplation of his master's ruin. All the waters which refreshed my meadows were collected into one stagnant pool, which was dignified by the name of ~~the Castalian Spring~~ *of Helicon*; and my cattle not being blessed with ~~the~~ ^{so much} taste of their mistress, were driven a mile off every day, to quench their thirst. One of my labourers lost a whole winter in learning to play upon a fife, and the next summer he was killed by a stroke of the sun while he was lying on the side of a hill in the act of personating an Arcadian shepherd for the amusement of his mistress. *A barren* The hill ~~itself~~ which has produced nothing but stones and weeds since the days of ~~Lord Baltimore~~ *the Revolution*, cost me ~~1000~~ ^{dollars} in manure, before it could be called Hymettus, and at least five times as much, to cut a furrow through the top of it, that ^{classical} travellers might be reminded of ~~the~~ double mountain. I never could get more than nine chairs into my parlour, because that that was the number of the muses, until the school-master, who loves to indulge himself, hinted at the indignity offered to Apollo by not representing his ~~godship~~ ^{preeminence} by an arm chair..... The eyes of my maiden sisters are often offended by three bouncing kitchen girls, who are obliged to represent the graces, with nothing but long *rolling* towels, wrapped round them, and two of my ~~best~~ *mimblest* negroes died last Christmas in the characters of satyrs. Another who was sent in the woods with a *banjoe* to play Pan, has never been heard of since. *Not long ago* In ~~September last~~ I took a few friends home with me to taste some burgundy which I had just received from France, but I found it in the possession of my servants who were seated in high glee in the drawing room. All the satisfaction I could obtain from my wife was, that she was celebrating the Saturnalian festival; that absurd ceremony which was practised in the days of old Rome, when every slave was at liberty to re-

languishing
Lydiab,

talliate upon his master for the tyranny of a year. The good old names of John, George and Thomas, by which my ancestors were not ashamed to be known, are now utterly discarded from our family Bible, while squalling Damons and noisy Strephons crawl about my house in scores. If they are kept sufficiently warm for the season, I may be satisfied, but as to their clothes being in proper order, that is entirely out of the question, for their mother would rather mend a sonnet than patch a coat, or dilate upon three unities than close the gaping rent of a ~~knee~~ pair of trousers.

wasted
old

Dear Sir, these things are intolerable. I have no objection to her devoting some part of the day to her amusements, but to have my property, my house turned into an inn, my children neglected, and myself termed a Goth, is more than I can bear. The ~~and~~ chance, that she may see these lines, and by timely reformation spare me the necessity of a resolute remonstrance, together with the hope that you would illuminate her by one of your rays, have induced me to address this letter to you. In hopes that you will bestow due consideration upon this subject, I remain, &c.

HENRY HENPECK.

In Society, July 11th, 1807.

The letter of Henry Henpeck being read from the chair by the Vice-President, it was unanimously resolved, that the same be referred to Lewis Lunatick, to make report thereon.

Whereupon the member standing in his place, delivered the following observations, which were ordered to be published.

VINCENT LUNARDI, Sec. Lun. Soc.

This is indeed, gentlemen, as our friend Henpeck says, an intolerable grievance. I would rather sleep in woollen than be yoked to such a mate. The lady is mad with too much Moonshine: her senses are bewildered, and I know of no mode of cure better than sousing her in her own pond to enact the part of a Sea Nymph. But the propensities of woman cannot be controlled. I was once acquainted with a very ingenious gentleman who was as much given to taciturnity as his wife was to loquacity.... After a variety of fruitless attempts to break her of the unconscionable exercise of her tongue, he at length bethought himself of an expedient which he supposed would certainly suffice. He resolved to immerse her every day at a certain hour into the water. But, lo! the first time he tried the experiment, his poor wife who was in the very act of talking as he put her under the stream, when she found her articulation suspended, cast her hands above the surface, and convinced him by dumbsigns, that the only way to avoid the effects of such evils, was to submit to them with patient endurance.

But learned ladies are not novelties. In the time of Elizabeth, they were in their zenith, being patronised by a Queen who distinguished herself by no contemptible share of Greek learning. To this, no doubt, her poet, Shakespere, alludes in the rhodomontade which he puts into the mouth of Nick Bottom, the weaver. In those days a lady could transplant a Grecian flower into an English garden, with much greater skill than she could embroider a tapestry or darn a husband's hose. So great was the rage among the ladies for translations from the learned languages, that Puttenham, who probably had so little taste as to prefer a pudding to a poem, found it necessary to express his opinion that "girls should not be too precipitate poets, lest with such shrewd wit, as *rhyme*

requireth, they become hateful to husbands who love not fantastick wyves." The threat which he adds of their dying *single wymmen* and leading apes, appears to have produced greater effects than all his reasoning, for by the time the race of Stuarts was ended, as we are informed by a fair historian, a family receipt-book contained all the literature of an English housewife, however high her rank. Roger Ascham reproached the scholars of the university with being inferior in erudition to the "court lasses," and Harvey said of the maids of honour of the same time,

Saltet item, pingatque eadem, doctumque poema

Pangat; nec musas nesciat illa meas.

In the time of Queen Anne, the reader will find from Swift's account of them that they were in no danger of giving offence by their superior learning.

Edward Hake in his *Touchstone of time present*, gave a violent anathema against dancing, from which time it became more fashionable, and Sir Christopher Hatton invented a dance by which he reeled into the office of lord keeper.

Since that period the ladies have been incessantly teizing the brains of their lovers and husbands by various extravagancies of the head and heels. Under the protection of their tutelary goddess, Fashion, they have been making inroads upon our tranquillity, in shapes more various than were ever invented by the prolific brain of Proteus or George Psalmanazar himself. At one time we were terrified by a head-dress whose summit seemed like Atlas to invade ~~our own~~ territories; and this was succeeded by an absurdity so much more monstrous, that I shall not even mention it in this company, as the ladies themselves were so much ashamed of it that it was always kept in the back ground—of the various mutations of

The Lunar

broad ruffs, pinching stays, threatening hoops, high heels and long trains, I have not time to speak.

But all these are trifling inconveniences compared with what we suffer from their misapplied learning. As to that sort of good sense which teaches them to conduct themselves through life with propriety and "good works in their husbands to promote," I wish them every abundance which they can desire. But such a woman as our correspondent describes are more dangerous to the peace of the community than a legion of locusts or a swarm of mosquitoes.

Their wit but serves an husband's head to rack,

And make eternal horsewhips for his back.

They might do very well if, as I once heard an ingenious gentleman say, they would only let the arts and sciences alone. But to be ~~famous~~ for sluttishness and Greek is too much for the brain of an honest, well-meaning husband. *of a virtuoso*
famed

Let us therefore, fellow members, take warning from the case of this unfortunate gentleman. Let us preserve our solitary chambers unmolested by scrubbing-brushes and the sciences, and let their walls be still decorated by the labours of our domestick weaver. Celibacy has pleasures which none but the unmarried know, but matrimony has pains which many feel and all can see.



DRUID HILL.

A SONG.

BY EDWIN ARION, F. L. S.

AIR.... "Will you come to the Bower."....MOORE.

[Our young poet EDWIN ARION, ever solicitous to engage the attention of the fair, has adapted the following words to an air, in which we have often delighted

to recognize the peculiar softness and harmony which distinguishes the lyre of the best translator of Anacreon.]

H.R. & S.R.
par mobile!
Eheu!

Will you go to the Hill where the sisters reside,
And walk through its shades at mild even-tide?
Will you rove o'er the lawn where these beauties are seen,
Whose smiles and whose voices add joy to the scene?
Will you rove, will you rove o'er the lawn.*

Like the vine and the rose that in union are twin'd,
So mingled are they in manners and mind;
Or like two sister roses that bloom in the air,
Of colours so bright and fragrance so rare.

Will you rove, &c.

Then, Oh! come to the Hill where these sisters are found,
Their beauty and wit spreading pleasures around;
With converse to cheer and sweet songs to move,
Smiles to beguile and good sense to improve.

Will you rove, &c.

AUGUST, 1806.

* It will be observed, that the original air is here somewhat altered. A liberty which the author trusts will be pardoned.

THE BALTIMORE MAGAZINE,

FOR

JULY, 1807.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1807.

I come *not here* to make you laugh ; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe
We now present.

SHAKSPERE.

While our countrymen are busily engaged in celebrating a day so auspicious to the best emotions of patriotism, we have retired from the crowd to meditate a lucubration for their amusement. But the silence of the closet is interrupted by the hoarse din of arms, and the soft inspirations of the muse must yield to the ruder voice of the trumpet. It is now thirty-one years since the people of these United States, in the lawful and just exercise of an inherent right, declared themselves free, sovereign and independent. Never was a monarch honoured by the allegiance of more loyal subjects, than the king whose sceptre once swayed this continent ; but a series of the most profligate, wanton, and unprovoked aggressions, taught him that their fidelity was mingled with that glorious spirit of independence, which can weigh with a steady hand the reciprocal obligations of allegiance and protection. When the clouds of despotism lowered upon this hemisphere, the sun of freedom arose. Its rays beamed upon as gallant spirits as ever were blessed by its benignant influence. We fought and conquered. Beneath the resistless force of an arm which now clasps the wreath of immortality, our armies were led to the tented field, and the minions of oppression sunk affrighted and hid their diminished heads.

On the fourth of July, 1776, a new nation arose, and

▲

her tutelary God bade her fields to bloom in richness and plenty, that the victims of oppression might enjoy an asylum from persecution. Since that day, at the bare remembrance of which the glow of enthusiasm burnishes the face of many a war-worn veteran, Great-Britain has pursued a system of policy insidious, disgraceful and dangerous. Her resentment, though smothered, was still cherished. The lion slumbered with his eyes open. Too humane to shed her blood at the altar of national pride, and too prudent to hazard her prosperity for the punishment of trifling aggressions, America has contemplated the conduct of Great-Britain with dignified magnanimity. But at the moment when we are preparing to celebrate another anniversary of our emancipation, a scene of bloodshed is exhibited to our eyes, which arouses the feelings of every American. At such an outrage, patience would be pusillanimity, and silence would be cowardice. Every man who possesses the faintest spark of national pride or personal courage, every honest breast which delights to cherish the generous sentiments of valour, must rouse to its energy, and every arm must exert its power.

*The affair of the
Chesapeake*

With all the emphasis and earnestness which we can summon to our aid, we call upon the young men of our country to signalise themselves at this trying crisis. Let every mind, whether serious or gay, be turned to one direction. Let us look forward to nothing but the vindication of our honour. To the altar of publick patriotism let us advance with a dignified step and composed mind, and, summoning to our recollection all those high, honourable and magnanimous feelings which animated the bosoms of our ancestors, let us convince the world, that their blood still flows in the veins of freemen, and can still throb at the impulse of oppression. At its base

let us cast all private animosities and every sordid inclination.

More than half of Europe has been convulsed or overthrown by a miserable supineness, and contemptible spirit of negotiation. But between nations there is no bar of reason, no alternative but arms. The people who submit to one encroachment, must expect another. If the vestibule be polluted by prophane steps, the innermost recesses must soon be rent.

J. H.

THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

CHAPTER I.

A SOLILOQUY.

" See where she leans her cheek upon her hand.

" Oh ! that I were a glove upon that hand,

" That I might kiss her cheek !"

Such was the attitude of Maria, such might have been the wish of any one who is susceptible of tenderness, and whose heart has ever felt the sympathising throb, awakened by beauty, when melancholy has given resistless allurements to the features.

Maria D.

" Alas !" sighed she, " how hopeless is this cruel passion, which I have suffered to insinuate itself into my bosom ! But how could I resist the allurements of such a form, united with such merits of the heart, and of the understanding ?.... Yet I ought to have resisted. How could I expect that a man of Courtney's opulence would condescend to cast a thought on a poor friendless orphan, whose scanty fortune exceeds not the limits of the humblest competency !.... Yet my family was once not inferior in honour or opulence to his own : and sure

the mind of my Courtney is too noble to be swayed by the selfish prejudices of the vulgar crowd. But what to me avails the generosity of his heart, if that heart sympathises not with the emotions of mine. Unhappy sex ! forbid at once by custom and instinctive delicacy, to reveal the tender impressions of which we are but too susceptible ; if we love it is without hope....while to our sufferings, even the mournful consolation of pity is denied ! But perhaps I merit this misery ; perhaps that female heart approaches too near to wantonness, which is yielded unsolicited to the influence of so tender a passion. Prudence, and the opinion of the age, forbid attachment from beginning on the part of the female ; but will the instincts of nature subside at the formal mandates of prudence ; will the tenderest passion of the soul be influenced by the cold dictates of opinion ; can the heart on which nature has fixed her impress, be new moulded by the maxims of fashion. Why are our sex endowed with sensibility ? why are we thus susceptible of tenderness, if the softest, the earliest, the most powerful of all the effects of such a disposition is inconsistent with the delicacy of our nature. Of what can I reproach myself, but being too sensible of merit, and imbibing, ere I was aware, a passion, which, with painful caution, I have endeavoured to conceal."

Thus, while the tear trembled in her eye, meditated the lovely Maria Howard, when her soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of a servant, who summoned her into the drawing room, to officiate at the altar of Hysonia, informing her at the same time, with all the officious eagerness of a confidential chambermaid, that Mr. Courtney was below with her aunt.

CHAPTER II.

EXPLANATIONS. GALLANTRY.

"And every tongue that lisps forth Romeo's name,
"Speaks heav'nly eloquence."

This speech of Juliet breathes the genuine spirit of love, as the following circumstances will illustrate. It is necessary, before we proceed, to inform the reader of a circumstance which, however trifling it may appear, will be found of some importance at the conclusion of our story. In short, then, the pensive hours of Maria were not a little cheered by the society of one of those little natives of the grove, who are endowed alike with the power of warbling the notes of tutored melody, and of imitating the voice and accents of man. And, as the name of Courtney, followed always with a sigh, was almost constantly escaping from the lips of Maria, this little starling was not long before it learned to articulate the same tender sound, to the no small satisfaction of the pensive beauty. To the name that is dear to us, we are ever happy to listen; and the tongue which most frequently repeats it, sounds with the sweetest harmony in our ears. No wonder then that the lovely Maria soon grew so fond of a little pratler, that from morning to night was continually calling upon one for whom she entertained the most pure and ardent affection. She fed it with her own hand, she conversed with it for hours, and became as fond of it as the tender mother is of her infant child.

But to resume the thread of our narrative. As soon as our heroine was informed that Courtney was below, she blushed, and with spirits all in a flutter, (anxious, no doubt, to shew her dutiful obedience to her aunt, by the promptitude with which she attended to her summons)

hastened to the drawing-room, forgetting even to give her favourite bird the accustomed kiss, or to shut the little prattler in his cage.

Courtney had been, hitherto, entertaining the old lady with news and politics, for which, like most of her sisterhood, she had a most ardent passion. But as soon as youth and beauty beamed before him in full radiance (for a sudden blush restored the faded blossom to Maria's cheek) the sprightly lover began to display his talent for a softer kind of conversation.

"Why have we been deprived of the pleasure of your company, all this while, Miss Maria. We have been in want of your judgment to decide our controversy, or rather of your sweet influence to dissipate the dispute."

Maria only replied by her confusion; but Miss Susannah was more eloquent.

"Her not attending," said the aunt, "is a matter of insignificant importation. The paucity of ideas universally observable in feminine juvenility, would have rendered our serious cogitations unintelligible to her puerile comprehension. Novels and romances would have been more accordant to her ratiocinations."...."Your observations would be perfectly just, if applied to the generality of young ladies," replied Courtney, "but Miss Maria, perhaps very prudently, always avoids political topics, yet, from the little of her conversation with which she favours us, we have no reason to doubt her ability to display the excellencies of a fine understanding upon any subject. Besides I am a little of a physiognomist, and will venture to pronounce, that those eyes do not receive all their lustre from their structure and their colour."

Hope, cheerful soother of the sorrowing heart, whispered Maria, that there was an unusual softness in the

tone and manner of delivering the latter part of this sentence. The silence too which succeeded, so very uncommon with Courtney in the company of the fair sex, had to her mind's ear a kind of eloquent tongue, which argued the truth of her supposition.

And now, with a trembling hand, and a mind intent on far other worship, the beautiful Maria began to minister at the boiling fount of Hysonia.

If thou hast a heart, O reader! thou wouldst undoubtedly have been charmed, hadst thou seen the graceful motion with which the lily-handed priestess guided the odoriferous streams into those inverted miniatures of the ethereal concave, vulgarly called tea-cups; and viewed her pouring out the delicious cream, which, conscious of the superior whiteness of her hand, dived under the teeming lake to avoid comparison, and there testified its envy by the cloudy appearance which it assumed. Courtney had hitherto continued that unusual silence which we have heretofore noticed. But a deep sigh which escaped, unobserved by herself, from the bosom of the priestess, roused him from his reverie....as the reader will see in the next chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

A CRITIQUE.

BY MARTIN SCRIBBLER, JUN.

Fragment of a copy of verses to Lord March and Lord George, sons of his grace the Duke of R——d, on their dangerously falling through the ice at Goodwood: illustrated with notes variorum, by Martin Scibbler, Jun.

LEAVE rustick muse, the cot and furrow'd plains,
The loves of rural nymphs, and Shepherd swains;

Lay by the lowly reed, whose simple notes
Die on the lonely hills round wattled cotes.

Furrow'd plains] Lest we should imagine the plains here meant were plain and even, as all plains should be, the author judiciously adds an epithet which unplains them at once.

Wattled cotes] An elegant expression.

For strains sublime screw up the pompous lyre
And boldly son'rous sweep the sounding wire.

Critics are in doubt what instrument our poet would here make use of; though I think it is plain it can be no other than a *Jew's harp*. Nor is it any objection to say that this is sometimes in the mouth of the vulgar, since its notes seem adapted to such noble subjects as this. For as the poet, *Fustian Sackbut* sweetly sings:

Burring twangs the iron lyre
Shrilly thrilling
Trembling, trilling,
Whizzing with the wav'ring wire.

Son'rous.] Who that has not lost his ears can be satisfied with the cutting off the long O in this word? I say, read *snorous*; as the bass on a *Jews harp* or, (as it should be written,) *Jaws harp*, very nearly resembles snoring B...ntly.

While condescending nobles bend around,
In bending attitude, to judge the sound.

This is truly sublime. Here we have the humility, (a rare virtue) the manner of sitting or standing, and the posture of the nobles who are (not barely to hear but) to try, hang, or acquit the sound, as they think fit, and all in two verses.

Fancy delighted touches o'er the strings,
And warbling to the groves of Richmond wings.

The last line, I confess, has long puzzled me, and I suspect it is a false reading, and should be corrected thus
 And rambling through the groves of Richmond sings.

When January newly in his reign,
 With frosty fetters bound the rugged plain.

The history is this : January was the eldest son of December, and mounted the throne of his ancestors on the demise of his father. Now these lines are fine indirect satire on kings : for you see king January is no sooner popped upon the throne, than he makes use of fetters to bind his dominions to submission. *O reges, reges !*

Rugged Plain.] See note second.

And o'er the pool outspread the icy sheet
 Tempting to slipp'ry sport the school boy's feet.

Zoilus, Jun. cavils at this first verse, as not thinking it a proper employment for king *January* to turn chamberlain. But sure he forgets that even princesses of old would darn stockings, or mend towels, or do any such housewifery. Then sure our new monarch might make a bed without scandal, as the sheets were doubtless of the finest ice.

Two youths whose births the highest reverence claim,
 Sweet buds of honour rip'ning into fame :
 Left the warm heath to taste the freezing air,
 'Twixt hissing woods by rocking winds stript bare.

Philosophers have not yet fixt the true taste of freezing air ; though we may learn from this passage that it was not warm ; because then the two youths would not have left the warm heath, to taste it between hissing woods : so that we may conclude it to be hissing cold.

By rocking winds stript bare.] Rocking winds. Nonsense. We must read *robbing* winds, and then the sense

is complete. The winds were a sort of free-booty gentlemen, that stript the poor woods to the skin, and left them in worse condition than *Adam* and *Eve*, without so much as a leaf to cover their nakedness. W-RB-RT-N.

The starting deer before their footsteps fly,
And turning, shiver with astonish'd eye.

The ordinary reader will not be able to comprehend this passage. It means, that the deer ran away from them, that they shiver with cold, that they turn to look, and consequently with an eye, which eye is astonished: and as they shiver and have an eye, they must shiver with that eye; and they must also shiver in turning, and turn in shivering: and so they turn and shiver and shiver and turn. W-RB-RT-N.

Zoilus asks, at what their eye is astonished? Why, at fifty things; at the buds of honour, the hissing woods, the rocking winds, icy sheet, rugged plain, frosty fetters, &c.

On Nature's fingers turn'd their locks embrac'd,
Their vi'let temples, pittoresquely grac'd.

Nature is here elegantly represented as a tyre-woman, or rather woman barber; and as barbers bind their hair round their fingers to make it curl, our poet properly says, "on Nature's fingers turn'd," to express that their locks curled naturally. So intimately he knows arts and sciences.

Vi'let temples.] A less judicious writer would have said, snow-white; and that not improperly, as it was the snowy season. But how much more significant is the epithet violet? For, as violets are blue, and it is common in cold frosty weather for the nose to look blue, so the temples will be blue or violet in so severe a frost.

The cotton MS. has two lines immediately after these which seem to come from our author.

And *Jove* kind barber, from his heavenly puff
Those locks to powder, shook down snow enough.

The furious blasts, with which the forest mews,
Dancing the curls, their savage nature lose.

Every naturalist knows, how such forests agitated by
the wind, in their sound, resemble the cry of a cat, especially if she growls a little at the same time she mews.

Lonely they wander'd through the leafless shade,
And now beside the frozen water play'd.

How careful is our poet to let us know, that the shade here meant is leafless, lest immediately on mentioning the shade of trees, we should look back for leaves and be disappointed. We are not too nicely to inquire how the shade was made; for this is one of the mysteries which sublime poets are allowed to conceal from vulgar apprehensions.

[*To be continued*]

REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

[The following remarkable instance of self-murder is extracted from a French work entitled "*Biographies de Suicides*," which we understand is a version from the German:]

"In a coffee-house, in a city of Livonia, a man one day made the following proposition: "I am tired of life, and if any body would be of my party, I would not hesitate to quit this world." No body answering him, he said no more; but, after some time all the company having left the room except two persons, these came up to him, and asked him if he were really serious in the proposition which he had made? "Yes, gentlemen," said he, in a determined tone of voice, "I never speak without due reflection, and I never retract what I have advanced."

"Then we will be of your party, for we have formed the same design." "Why so, gentlemen? My actions are always determined by an adequate motive, and I am incapable of urging a man to adhere to such a resolution as this, unless his misfortunes be such as to render life insupportable to him."

"We are loaded with debts without the means of discharging them. We are unable to live any longer with honour, and we are incapable of having recourse to base and dishonourable means. Those, whose hopes will be disappointed by our death, have already received much more than they were legally entitled to."

"I had, one day, said one of them, the good luck to break a considerable bank at Spa. I was immediately surrounded with sharpers who proposed to play with me. I lost all my winnings in a few deals, and much more. I gave a note for the surplus which I cannot take up.

"I, said the other, had a commission in the army. I had given proofs of courage, and had merited promotion, in order to obtain which I contracted some debts. But a young nobleman, who had never been in action, having been advanced over my head, I gave in my resignation without reflecting, until it was too late, that I had no other resource in the world. The number of my creditors has increased, and I have now no credit with any one. I know my inability to fulfil my engagements, and, determined to impose on no man, I am compelled to put an end to my existence."

"Gentlemen, replied the man who had given rise to this conversation, I admire your principles, your resolution and your firmness. If, however, I possessed the means of removing the ground of your despair, I should feel happy in making you renounce your noble project,

but all that I have left will barely suffice to pay for a supper, if you will accept one; and at the last bottle we will immortalize ourselves!" "Bravo!" exclaimed the others, "this is admirable."

"The day was fixed and an excellent supper was ordered; the table was covered with dainties, and there was plenty of the best wines. A strong dose of arsenic was put into one bottle, which was to be drank at last. While these preparations were making, the two debtors repaired to a neighbouring house of ill-fame, where they met with another man, who had come thither to console himself, in the arms of venal beauty, for the rigour which he experienced from a lady to whom he paid his addresses. But this den of corruption only filled him with disgust and horror. He became gloomy and melancholy. When in this humour, *he* was addressed by the other two persons, who, after some conversation, informed him of their design. He seemed to relish it, and to be disposed to make a fourth in the party. In the state of mind in which he then was, the task of persuasion was easy; they blinded his judgment by their sophistry, and he accompanied them to the place.

"The person who was to pay for the supper, expecting only two guests was surprized at seeing a third. He enquired into the motives which had influenced the determination of his new colleague, and, being satisfied with them, they all sate down to table. The original proposer of the plan was in a very good humour, and made a long speech on the resolution which he had formed. "I have," said he, "seen so much of human life, that I suspect there is little more for me to see. Every thing tends to convince me that man is a very poor creature, and that he can only be happy by contributing to the happiness

of others. One person may do this in one way, and another in another, but I could only do it with my fortune; and I accordingly employed it for that purpose in the best manner I could. If any one proved to me, in a plausible way, that a certain sum would make him happy, I gave it him. The consequence was my fortune was soon spent; and I am now ruined and wholly unable to render service to any man. It would be possible, indeed, to subsist by my labour, but I should infallibly sink under such a mode of life; and besides, I cannot believe that any man ought to exist for himself alone."

"The last of our heroes here interrupted the philosopher...." that is the very point on which I must contradict you. If man did not exist for himself, as you suppose, and you have proved by your life that such is your opinion, I certainly ought to continue to live. But I, who am of a different opinion, and who have lived only for myself, finding no more pleasure in life, am resolved to quit it."

"Every man, my friend," replied the first, "has his own mode of thinking on this subject, and acts accordingly. There can be no wish then, to make proselytes. You will die in pursuance of your own system, and I in pursuance of mine." Much more conversation ensued on the fragility of life; many traits, ancient and modern, were cited in favour of suicide; and, during this discussion, the young candidate remained pensive. The bottle was freely circulated, and a thousand reasons were urged, each exceeding the other in absurdity. They took the last bottle but one which they drank with firmness, to a happy meeting, and without betraying the smallest symptom of irresolution. At length, they came to the last bottle. The philosopher took it, saying, "in

this reposes the immortality which we shall soon enjoy. It is the precious panacea which makes the wretched forget their cares, and cures the rich man's pains. It reminds us that we are free; it is liberty to the slave, gold to the poor, tranquillity to the restless, and happiness to the miserable!"

"He divided the bottle into four equal parts; then, taking his glass in his hand, said, "I die tranquil and contented. Heaven gave me wealth to distribute, and I distributed it as well as I could. I came into the world to live amongst men, and for them; not having the ability to be any longer of use to them I take my leave. I am induced to adopt this measure from the despair into which I should be plunged, if any one of the unfortunate beings whom I have been accustomed to relieve, were to come and implore that assistance which I am unable to afford him. I believe in the existence of a future life, and I hope to pass from this world into another, where I shall be able to do more good." After this exposition of his philosophy, he emptied his glass to the very last drop.

"The other two then took their glasses. "We have no occasion," said they, "for such profound reasoning. We expect to be visited to-morrow by the same number of creditors who besieged us this morning, and of whom we had considerable difficulty to rid ourselves. What reason can be assigned to prevent us from withdrawing ourselves from such persecution? *We believe in predestination*, and it was our destiny that we should finish our days here." They both emptied their glasses without hesitation.

"It now came to the turn of the fourth, who took his glass in his hand, held it up to the candle, then, putting

it down on the table said ; “ You have done me the honour, gentlemen, to admit me into your company, and I thank you for it. By your observations I have acquired a knowledge of death which I did not possess before. I was lead to wish for it by some painful occurrences, and a deep melancholy consequent thereon. I now know the madness of such a wish. It was not death that I should have desired, but sufficient firmness to die. My wish is accomplished ; you, gentlemen, have given me that sublime lesson. I shall not censure the motives which have engaged you to quit the world ; on such a topic every man must judge for himself. But my situation is absolutely different from yours. I owe nothing to any man. I must, therefore, have some other reasons for taking this beverage, which you are pleased to call immortality, and which shines with such brilliancy in this glass. The sophisms of that gentleman had rather disconcerted me, and, in the state of mind at that time, I yielded to his opinion ; but reflection has come to my aid. I have a considerable fortune and two profligate brothers, who wish for my death, that they might squander it, in the most scandalous manner.”

“ Here the poison beginning to operate, one of the debtors, with distorted features, begged him to finish his speech, because it would be too cruel for him to survive them and suffer alone.” “ I have little more, added the other, to say. I have never before seen a man in his last moments. You have now afforded me the opportunity, and I confess to you, gentlemen, that the kind of death which you have chosen, only fills me with horror. The very sight of you makes me shudder. It was only in a moment of madness, that I could give my approbation to your project, and consent to follow your example. If

I am so fortunate as to open my eyes in time, do you be still so wise as not to accuse me of cowardice, and accept my excuses for having so inconsiderately consented to make a fourth. May the pleasing hopes which you have formed be realized. May you be happier in the next world than you have been in this!" He then rose to leave the room. "But," exclaimed the others, "did not you promise, upon your honour, to do as we did?" "True, gentlemen, but you should congratulate yourselves on my conversion. Applaud yourselves for that return to my senses which your dreadful example has occasioned!" He cast a look of pity upon them. They all endeavoured to follow him, but could not. "I left them," said he to me, adding, "that the third, who was nearer to his end than the two others, testified his approbation of his conduct, by an inclination of his head."

MELANCHOLY.

THE pleasures arising from compassion, sympathy and that tender melancholy, so generally the companion of genius, were, notwithstanding his gay and dissipated life, no strangers to the bosom of Steele. He has expressed his feelings of this kind, as might be expected, when the impression was sincere and strong, with unusual felicity of style.

"That calm and elegant satisfaction," he observes, "which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. The pleasures of ordinary people are in their passions; but the seat of this delight is in the reason and understanding. Such a frame of mind raises that sweet enthusiasm, which

warms the imagination at the sight of every work of nature, and turns all around you into picture and landscape."

Of the various beautiful addresses to melancholy, with which the works of our best poets abound, there is no one that appears to be more exquisitely sweet and soothing than a little song from the *Nice Valour*, or *Passionate Madman*, of Beaumont and Fletcher :

Hence all you vain delights,

As short as are the nights

Wherein you spend your folly ;

There's nought in this life sweet

If men were wise to see't,

But only melancholy,

Oh sweetest melancholy !

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,

A sigh, that piercing, mortifies ;

A look, that's fasten'd to the ground,

A tongue, chain'd up without a sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,

Places which pale passion loves ;

Moonlight walks, when all the fowls

Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls :

A midnight bell, a parting groan

These are the sounds we feed upon ;

Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,

Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

ACT III. SC. I.

Milton in his admirable poem entitled *Il Penseroso*, has been indebted to these lines, and to some fine stanzas prefixed to Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholie* ; what he has taken, however, he has altered and digested in so masterly a manner, as not only to imbue it with his own peculiar style, but to give it an air of originality.

CRITICISM.

.....

KING PEPIN, a Tragedy.....By Roger Horn, school-master of Newham.

The office of a literary reviewer, though frequently arduous and irksome, is not unattended with its peculiar pleasures. Of these, the chief, perhaps, is that conscious dignity which an intelligent critic must feel at the moment of announcing a new performance to the world, and of fixing it conspicuous in the temple of Fame, or spurning it down to the gulph of oblivion. He waves his pen with an air of majesty, likens himself to Jupiter weighing the fates of heroes, and is not sensible that the simile is hyperbolical. Then, if the work under consideration be of such a nature as he hath never attempted himself, nor hath any thoughts of attempting, (in which case alone he can possibly pronounce a favorable doom) with what supreme benignity he proceeds to twine the destined wreath of praise and glory ! with what feelings of delight he calls the public attention to the happy object of his favour ! feelings, indeed, so delicious, that the writer of this article, at present under their influence, can find no language to express them.

The pathetic, interesting, original, and highly-finished Drama, which we have the felicity of introducing to the world, is the work of a poor pedagogue, in an obscure village of Northumberland. His history, as far as concerns his poetical character, is so well related, in a copious preface to the tragedy, that we shall take the liberty of giving it in his own words.

“ Even from my boyish days, I was enamoured of the divine Melpomene. At the age of 21 years, I did compose the first speech of the first scene of the first act of a

tragedy ; and my intention was to have added the whole five acts in the usual manner, with all their scenes and speeches. But my school at this time coming into considerable repute, the great design was dropt ; and now, instructed by age and experience, I consider it only as a premature exertion of genius.

“ Still, however, the lecture of Tragic Poems, both in our own and other languages, formed the chief solace of my solitary hours ; except when Mr. Truncheon's itinerant company of players came to exhibit at the next market-town ; for then did I diligently attend the theatre, and enjoy with avidity the deceptions of the scene. After many years, and after much attention, reading and reflection, I resumed my design of writing a tragedy, but withal resolved to do it after a novel and original mode. It had long appeared to me a most lamentable absurdity that, after the performance of our most excellent tragedies, their whole effect should be destroyed by the exhibition of some contemptible buffoonery or other, and the audience dismissed perfectly contented and happy. Would it not be better to get over all that stuff in the former part of the evening, and close with the grand piece.”

He then proves the good effects that such a revolution would produce. The necessity of spinning every tragedy out to five acts, would be abolished, as three would be found abundantly sufficient to satisfy the audience. Of course, more new tragedies would appear ; for the Pegasus of many a poet, wanting strength of wing to soar over five divisions, might, without flagging, reach three. Even Aristotle, in fact, insists on no more ; for though he mentions five acts as the just measure of a dramatic poem, he yet reckons that a perfect fable which hath a *beginning, middle and end.*

“With such views,” continues he, “King Pepin was composed; and, after careful correction, presented to Gregory Fadge, Esq. manager of the theatre royal at ——. He approved highly of my proposed alterations, accepted the piece, and promised, upon his honour, and as he was a gentleman, to bring it out at three months at farthest; nay, more, to appear in the character of Pepin himself. This pleased me inexpressibly, as I had formerly seen him play Macbeth after a most inimitable fashion, and with unexampled applause. Now, Gregory Fadge, Esq. kept my piece three years, and then returned it in a very polite and honourable style, saying, It would not do.”

To see a man thus deprived of his just fame and profit, by conduct, which, in ordinary life, could not escape the name of villainy, must excite the strongest indignation; especially as the injured person has no means of redress, but by crying, “’Sdeath, I’ll shame the fools, and print it!” This only course Mr. Horn hath taken, and we sincerely hope he shall find it successful. We trust that the liberality and applause of a generous and discerning public, shall make him ample amends for the supercilious neglect of an ignorant and rascally buffoon. We shall, therefore, proceed to entertain our readers with an analysis of the piece; and, by way of specimen, lay before them the whole first act. For, though Mr. Roger Horn be an original writer, yet it must be owned he resembles his brethren, the modern tragedians, in one respect.....his first act is the best.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PEPIN, King of France.

SAVARY, Duke of Aquitaine.

TROMPART, Soldan of Egypt.

D

VALENTINE, a Beau, in love with Clerimonda.

ORSON, a Buck, in love with Eglantina.

PACOLET, a cunning man.

WOMEN.

CLERIMONDA, a fine lady, in love with any body.

EGLANTINA, a fine lady, in love with every body.

SCENE, in the first act, is in the fields of Aquitaine ;
afterward in an alehouse under the castle-wall.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a field....the ramparts of Aquitaine seem at a distance, and part of the Soldan of Egypt's camp.*

Savary. The morning, in her richest purple robe,
Her azure vest, and crimson petticoat,
Leers wanton on this most auspicious day,
Which welcomes thee, great King, to Aquitaine.
This day, O Pepin! this important day,
Or fixes me a Duke, or from a throne
Throws Savary into Egyptian chains—
Detested thought! Soon as the sun shall reach
The half-way house in yonder marble sky,
Our truce expires, and then comes havock on.
Then shalt thou see death and the furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heav'n at leisure
For the great spectacle.

Pepin. Then, by my crown,
By the great faith and honour of a King ;
By glorious war, and by immortal fame,
I swear to thee, my fixt opinion is,
We shall have hot work on't !

Sav. Thy thoughts, great King,
Are, as thy state, majestic, sage, and politic.

Pep. Yes, valiant Savary, it becomes us well,
Who, perch'd on Fortune's beaver, sit sublime
Amid the blaze of glory, oft to pause ;

To pause and ponder; yea, and cogitate;
And also, moreover, to meditate.
But now, into thy barr'd and bolted ear
I will a secret slip. Can'st thou be faithful?

Sav. Faithful! O, all ye gods!

Pep. Nay, Sir, your pardon!
As doubting thee I spoke not; O! I spoke not
But from the ponderosity of the purpose,
Which lies like lead, and squeezes this sad bosom.

Sav. If friendship's lever,
The pulleys of good counsel, wedge of valour;
Yea, or the screw of subtilty can ease thee,
By heav'n I will apply them all, and severally!

Pep. Then list, O list! But hark! what sounds are these?
My weapon, ho! (Trumpets.)

Sav. The Soldan comes, now for it!
Now, Monarch of the West, I say, now for it!
He has no train except his trumpeters;
I'll claw his pole.

Pep. His jacket I will work.

SCENE....*Pepin, Savary, Trompart, &c.*

Sav. Once more, without the walls of Aquitaine,
Proud Pagan, thou art met.

Trompart. And but once more
Shalt thou see Trompart, with his beaver up.
When next we meet, upon this plumed crest
Shall ghastly death sit grinning. See yon sun,
With smiles he rises; mark him in the West,
When clouds of carnage bloat his setting beam,
And bring the night too soon. Yet, no! by Mahomet,
To night no night shall be! The flames of Aquitaine,
With horrid glare, shall fill the vast horizon,
And mock the pale-fac'd moon.

Pep. Sir, by your leave,

And under favour of this puissant Duke,
I say, you are a most impertinent scoundrel!

Trom. Scoundrel!

Pep. Scoundrel and coward.

Trom Coward! ha! No more: [drawing.]

Thus, in thy filthy throat, villain, thou liest!

Sav. He breaks the truce by striking the first blow;
The law is on our side.

Trom. Ha! say'st thou? Then the law I will not break.
My wrongs I'll pocket for an hour or two: [sheathing.
But yet, I swear, they shall not mouldy grow! [Exit.

Sav. Bragart, avaunt! he's gone.

Pep. Then let him go—

And now my tale of wonder I'll resume.
But how, ye gods, shall I fit utterance give
To things unutterable? how shall I
Dare to describe what baffles all description;
Bids Eloquence be dumb, and Rhetoric
Go hang himself?

Sav. My noble Liege, I find,
At least I do suspect, this matter is
Something of moment.

Pep. Moment! O ye powers!
Moments, days, years, time and eternity;
'Tis all in all: and this, Sir, is the case:
But yet, I swear, great Duke, I cannot speak it;
Both from the grandeur of the subject matter,
And that I feel my throat is parch'd and dry.
O, for a drink, ye gods! it boots not what;
Punch, porter, Burgundy, or bottled beer.

Sav. Lo, here comes Pacolet a proper man
In messages of speed to be employed;
For on his wooden stead he mounts the air,
And hollow beats the swiftest pinioned gale.

(To be Continued.)

THE MARYLAND ANTHOLOGY....1807.

OLD CLOUTER AND HIS MARE.

Old Clouter was a man of Kent,
Intent on wordly riches ;
Who once a week to market rode
In dirty boots and breeches.

The mare he rode was grey with age,
Toothless, and greas'd, and founder'd ;—
With outstretch'd neck, and hobbling gait,
Through thick and thin she flounder'd.

Nor always could her master's arm,
With pulling hard and hauling —
Like the tir'd camel—on her knees
Prevent the beast from falling.

One day he jogg'd beside the 'squire,
Across the fields of stubble,
And though he toil'd, with might and main,
To save his bones from trouble,

Ah ! nought avail'd ! his blund'ring steed,
Perplex'd by stones that truckled,
Held out awhile, 'till in a doze,
Devoutly down it knuckled.

When, luckily, of partridges,
Loud whirring, rose a covey :
“ Be not alarm'd your honour !” cried
Old *Slyboots*—“ for la' love ye !

“ My mare is worth her weight in gold ;
“ Sir, 'tis a noble *setter*,
“ And no train'd *dog* in all the world,
“ Can do its business better.

“ You saw her drop before the birds
“ Rose in the air beyond ye ?

" And had we then our nets in hand

" We had secured the covey."

" Astonishing"—the 'squire replied,

" 'Twould suit you to a tittle,"

Return'd the clown ; " for fifty pounds

" 'Tis yours—though much too little !"

The bargain's struck—the cash paid down,

And *Clouter* sacks the treasure ;

While, of his Rosinante proud,

The 'squire exults past measure.

But, lo ! upon a future day,

They meet, as fate would have it ;

When thus the 'squire address'd the clown,

Who ready stood to brave it.

" Ho, farmer ! what a cursed jade

" Was that you lately sold me ?

" But, for the safety of my neck

" You surely should have told me."

" Why, Sir, I said," the clown replied,

" The mare was good at *falling* ;

" But as to trot, or walk, or stand,

" *That's quite another calling.*"

SONG.

To CHLOE kind, and Chloe fair,

With sparkling eye and flowing hair,

Tune the harp, and raise the song ;

Such as to beauty doth belong !

Let the strain be sweet and clear ;

Such as through the listening ear,

In well according harmony,

May with the 'tranced soul agree !

She is pleasure's blooming queen :
In the morn more fresh her mein,
When awaken'd from repose,
Than the summer's dewy rose.
In the ev'ning brighter far
Than the ocean-bathed star.
And when night, the friend of love,
Bids the silent hour improve,
To the ravish'd senses she
Gives joy, and bliss, and ecstasy.

MUTUAL LOVE.

Young Henry from the garden came,
And Mary thus address'd ;
Sweet girl accept this beauteous rose,
And wear it in thy breast.
There let it bloom in gay attire,
And breathe its fragrance round ;
There let its thorns thy bosom guard ;
Nor fear thyself a wound.

Yes, Henry, yes, the maid replied,
The lovely flower I'll take ;
I'll place it here, upon my breast,
And wear it for thy sake ;
But, Henry, 'twill not long remain
So beauteous to the eye ;
Its fragrance will be lost in air,
'Twill wither, weep and die.

The gentle youth then caught her hand,
And thus the rose address'd ;
Sweet flower, I envy thee thy fate,
To die upon her breast :
Fain would I take thy envied place,
There guard the beauteous fair ;

Turn each envenom'd dart away,
And breathe my life out there.

Her cheek, suffus'd with virtue's blush,
Out vied the lovely flower ;

The little God had pierced her heart,
And thus she own'd his power :

Dear Henry, to thy guardian care,
Myself I here resign ;—

Then lean'd her head upon his breast,
And whisper'd—I am thine.

J. C.

ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

And now another year is gone,

Another natal hour I view ;

The past will never more return,

O may I well begin the new !

May I devote this year to God,

And in his service spend my days,

Direct my conduct by his word,

And only live, his name to praise !

May I resolve to bear the cross,

My Saviour's steps with zeal pursue,

To count my highest gain but loss,

Till faith and love my soul renew !

If sin entice my wand'ring heart,

Or Pleasure's form my soul allure ;

Oh may I feel contrition's smart,

Nor rest, till I obtain the cure !

As life's delusive maze I tread,

Still let me in thy name confide ;

Amidst the dangers round me spread,

Do thou vouchsafe to be my guide !

Motto's for Moonshine

Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis Hor.

While through the town our weekly moonshine flies
"Tis good" says one - 'tis bad" his neighbour cries.

Accipe, si vis - Hor.

Buy ~~any~~ Moonshine

Laanti emptio? Hor.

What's the price of Moonshine

Nicat inter omnes

Out of the moon, I do assure thee: I was the
man i' the moon when time was. Shaks.